

# In Recital

**Janice Marple, soprano**

assisted by

**Donna Noton, piano**

**Friday, March 12, 2004 at 5:00 pm**



Arts Building  
University of Alberta



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**

## Program

Per la Gloria d'adorarvi (1722)

(Author Unknown)

Giovanni Battista Bononcini

(1670-1747)

Pieta, Signore! (Date Unknown)

Alessandro Stradella

(Author Unknown)

(1644-1682)

Gia il sole dal Gange (1680)

Alessandro Scarlatti

(Alessandro Scarlatti)

(1659-1725)

From *Magnificat* (1723)

Johann Sebastian Bach

Quia respexit (Luke 1:48)

(1685-1750)

From *Cantata No. 68* (1725)

Mein gläubiges Herze (Acts 10:42-48 and John 3:16-21)

From *Mörike-lieder* (1888) (Eduard Mörike)

Hugo Wolf

Fussreise

(1860-1903)

Das verlassene Mägdlein

Gebet

Storchenbotschaft

From *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1786)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Porgi, Amor (Lorenzo da Ponte)

(1756-1791)

## Intermission

From *Porgy and Bess* (1935)

George Gershwin

Summertime (Dubose Heyward)

(1898-1937)

From *Jesus Christ Superstar* (1973)

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Everything's Alright

(b. 1948)

I Don't Know How to Love Him (Tim Rice)

Nannas Lied (1939)

Kurt Weill

From *Happy End* (1929)

(1900-1950)

Surabaya Johnny (Bertolt Brecht)

From *Lady in the Dark* (1941)

The Saga of Jenny (Ira Gershwin)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Marple.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

## Translations

### **Per la Gloria d'adorarvi/For the Glory of Adoring You**

For the glory of adoring you, I want to love you, oh dear eyes. In loving I will suffer; but I always will love you, yes, yes, in my suffering. Without hope of pleasure, to sigh affection is vain, but who can admire your glances and not love you?

### **Pieta, Signore!/Have Pity, Lord!**

Have pity, Lord, on my sorrow! If my prayer reaches you, let your severity not punish me. Less severe, merciful always, turn your glances upon me. Do not let me be damned in the eternal fire.

### **Gia il Sole dal Gange/Already the Sun Over the Ganges**

Already the sun over the Ganges more brightly sparkles and dries every drop of the dawn, which weeps. With a gilded ray it adorns every blade of grass and paints the stars of the sky in the field.

Arthur Schoep and Daniel Harris

### **Quia respexit/For He has Regarded**

For He has regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: behold, for from this time, may I be called blessed.

### **Mein gläubiges Herze/My Faithful Heart**

My faithful heart, rejoice, sing, make merry, your Jesus is near! Away misery, away complaining, to you I will only say my Jesus is here.

Richard Walters

### **Fussreise/Journey on Foot**

When, leaning on my freshly cut hiking stick, I wander like this in the morning through forests, up and down hills, then- as the songbird sings and hops about in the leaves, or as the golden grapes perceive spirits of bliss in the first rays of morning sun- thus also my inmost nature, the dear old Adam within me, feels an autumn and springtime fever, the pristine bliss of paradise, a bliss that is confident in God and was never lost through folly. And so, old Adam, you are not as bad as the severe theologians say. You still love and praise after all, you still sing and glorify your beloved Creator and Preserver as if you were living ever-new days of Creation. If He so grants, my entire life would be such a morning journey as this, with the light perspiration of the wanderer on my brow!

### **Das verlassene Mägdlein/The Forsaken Maiden**

Early, when the roosters crow, before the stars disappear, I must stand at the hearth, I must light the fire. Beautiful is the glow of the flames, the sparks leap; I stare into the fire, sunk in sorrow. Suddenly I remember, faithless boy, that last night I dreamed about you. Tear after tear then flows down my cheeks. That is how the day begins-oh, would it were over!

### **Gebet/Prayer**

Lord! Send me what You will, something dear or something painful. I am satisfied that both emanate from Your hands. Do not overwhelm me with joys or sorrows! But in the middle lies gracious moderation.



### **Storchenbotschaft/The Storks' Message**

The shepherd's house stands on two wheels, stands high on the heath both night and day. Many a one would like to have such fine sleeping quarters! A shepherd wouldn't change beds with the king. And even if something extraordinary should happen to him in the night, he just says a prayer and goes back to sleep. A little ghost, a little witch, airy folk like that, they may knock at his door, but he doesn't answer. But one time things really got too much for him: there was a scraping at the shutter and the dog whined. My shepherd drew the bolt and look! There stood two storks, a male and a female. The couple made a polite bow, and would gladly have spoken, ah, if they only knew how! "What does this poultry want of me? Have you ever heard of anything like this? But I probably have a joyful message in store for me. You probably live back there on the Rhine? You've probably bitten my girlfriend in the leg? Now I suppose the baby is crying, and its mother even more, and she wishes her sweetheart were with her. And also wishes to have the baptism arranged: a little lamb, a little sausage and a little bag of money? So tell her I'll be there in two or three days, say hello to my little boy for me and stir his porridge! But wait! Why did two of you show up? I hope it isn't twins!" Then the storks rattled their beaks in the merriest key. They nodded and curtsayed and flew away, they nodded and curtsayed and flew away.

Stanley Applebaum

### **Porgi, Amor/Grant, Love**

Grant, Love, some relief to my sorrow, to my sighing! Either give me back my beloved, or just let me die!

Martha Gerhart

### **Nannas Lied/Nanna's Song**

Gentlemen, I was seventeen when I entered the love business. I've been through a lot, much of it was nasty, but that was part of the game, although many things can be held against me. After all I'm human too. Thank God it's all over quickly, the love and the grief as well. Where are last night's tears? Where are the snows of yesteryear? Of course as the years go by it gets easier being in the love business and you embrace them in droves. But your feelings grow strangely cold when they're not rationed. After all, all reserves come to an end eventually. Thank God it's all over quickly etc. And even when you've learned the trade well in love's fairground, it's never easy to turn pleasure into small change. Well, you can succeed, but you get older all the while. After all, you can't stay seventeen forever. Thank God it's all over quickly etc.

### **Surabaya-Johnny/Surabaya Johnny**

I was young, God, just sixteen. You came out of Burma. You said I ought to go with you, you would take care of everything. I asked what your job was. You said as sure as I'm standing here, you had something to do with the railroad and nothing to do with the sea. You said a lot, Johnny, not a word was true, Johnny. You lied to me Johnny, from the very first hour! I hate you so, Johnny, the way you stand there grinning, Johnny. Take that pipe out of your mouth, you dog! Surabaya Johnny, why are you so mean? Surabaya Johnny, my God, I love you so much! Surabaya Johnny, why am I not happy? You have no heart, Johnny, and I love you so! At first every day was Sunday. That was, until I went with you. But then, after only two weeks, nothing about me was right anymore. Up and down the Punjab, down the river as far as the sea. Already in the mirror I look as if I'm forty. You didn't want love, Johnny, you wanted money, Johnny, but all I saw, Johnny, was your mouth. You asked for everything, Johnny, I gave you more, Johnny. Take that pipe out of your mouth, you dog! Surabaya Johnny, why are you so mean? Etc. I didn't pay any heed as to why you had that name. But all along the coast you were a well-known guest. One morning in a sixpenny-bed I'll hear the sea thundering; you'll go without a word, and a ship will be below in the harbour. You have no heart, Johnny, you're a pig, Johnny, now you're going away Johnny, tell me why! I love you so, Johnny, like on the first day, Johnny. Take that pipe out of your mouth, you dog! Surabaya Johnny, why are you so mean? Etc.

The Decca Record Company